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## A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

## A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: I have been through a very serious illness, for years, much of that time very seriously. For years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my illness. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. And said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the heart cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my limbs, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost paralyzed. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was no more better than I had been before. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy. Mrs. Morgan, 202 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, issued by all druggists on a positive guarantee, and by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.

For sale by Lee Lest.

## THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

## Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches.

EVANGELICAL Church 11:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. Rev. G. H. FOSTER.

PRESBYTERIAN Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. Rev. M. L. DODD.

ST. AUGUSTINE Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Friday, 7 p. m. Rev. W. L. FOSTER.

METHODIST Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sabbath school 9 a. m. Young People's Meeting 7:30 p. m. Epworth League Thursday, 7 p. m. Rev. L. N. KALE.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Sunday, 7 p. m. Rev. W. L. FOSTER.

JOHN'S LUTHERAN Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Sunday, 7 p. m. Rev. L. N. KALE.

MANUAL'S LUTHERAN Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Sunday, 7 p. m. Rev. L. N. KALE.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Sunday, 7 p. m. Rev. L. N. KALE.

UNITED BRETHREN Church 10:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday school 9 a. m. Prayer Meeting Sunday, 7 p. m. Rev. L. N. KALE.

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## COUNTY RECORD.

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Common Pleas Judge..... W. H. Handy  
Clerk..... C. Brown  
Probate Judge..... M. Donnelly  
Prosecuting Attorney..... J. F. Foster  
Sheriff..... R. E. Decker  
Recorder..... J. H. Groll  
Auditor..... J. W. Hanna  
Surveyor..... C. G. Groll  
Coroner..... J. H. Groll  
Commissioners..... J. F. Foster, J. H. Groll, J. W. Hanna  
Solemnary Director..... J. F. Foster  
School Examiners..... J. F. Foster, J. H. Groll, J. W. Hanna  
Janitor..... J. F. Foster

## CORPORATION OFFICERS.

Mayor..... D. Meekins  
Clerk..... C. E. Reynolds  
Treasurer..... J. F. Foster  
Marshal..... J. F. Foster  
Street Commissioner..... J. F. Foster  
Cemetery Trustees..... J. F. Foster, J. H. Groll, J. W. Hanna  
Counselmen..... J. F. Foster, J. H. Groll, J. W. Hanna  
School Board..... J. F. Foster, J. H. Groll, J. W. Hanna  
Examiners..... J. F. Foster, J. H. Groll, J. W. Hanna

## JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO.

Barlow Township..... J. F. Foster  
Barnes Township..... J. F. Foster  
Dana Township..... J. F. Foster  
Harrison Township..... J. F. Foster  
Liberty Township..... J. F. Foster  
Marion Township..... J. F. Foster  
Napoleon Township..... J. F. Foster  
Pleasant Township..... J. F. Foster  
Ridgely Township..... J. F. Foster  
Union Township..... J. F. Foster  
Washington Township..... J. F. Foster

## TOWNSHIP CLERKS.

Barlow Township..... J. F. Foster  
Barnes Township..... J. F. Foster  
Dana Township..... J. F. Foster  
Harrison Township..... J. F. Foster  
Liberty Township..... J. F. Foster  
Marion Township..... J. F. Foster  
Napoleon Township..... J. F. Foster  
Pleasant Township..... J. F. Foster  
Ridgely Township..... J. F. Foster  
Union Township..... J. F. Foster  
Washington Township..... J. F. Foster

"Quick!—the others—or they'll turn to death."

"What others? Where, man?" exclaimed the soldier, springing to their feet.

"Oh! somewhere in there—the far end of the corral—or Moreno's west room," was the gasping reply.

Another rush into the whirling, eddying smoke, another search along under the wall, and presently in the flickering light the rescuing pair came upon a barrier of barley sacks, burning in places from huge flakes of fire falling from the blazing rafters of the overhanging shed, and behind this, senseless, suffocated, helplessly bound, two other forms. Thrusting the sacks aside, the troopers seized and dragged forth their hapless fellow creatures. Jarred by sudden pressure, a burning upright snatched. There was a crackling, crashing sound and down came the rafters, sending another column of flame to light up the features of men rescued not an instant too soon from the death that awaited them.

"My God!" cried Sergeant Lee, "this is old Feeny—and yet alive!"

Together the two raised the senseless form, laid it out into the open space, and ran back for the next, a big, heavy, bulky chap in loose and blood-stained clothing. It took all their strength to lay it forth. Then the lieutenant bent by the side of the slowly recovering civilian.

"Are there any more we can reach?" he questioned eagerly, his heart beating madly.

"No!—no!—others were inside when the roof fell in. More water—more water!"

Sergeant Lee sprang to the oil lamp gleaming there in the firelight and brought back a brimming dipper, holding it to the poor fellow's parched lips until he could drink no more, then slapping away the things with which he was bound.

"This is greaser work," he cried.

"How could they have left you alive?"

"How are Moreno's people? Who's done this anyhow?"

"Pasqual Morales. Moreno was in it too. 'Twas the paymaster they were laying for, but they killed Ned Harvey and got his sisters—old Harvey's children—from Tucson."

"What?" cried the officer, leaping to his feet. "Harvey's daughters here?"

"Here? Man, are you mad?"

"It's God's truth! Oh, if I had a drop of the whisky that's being burned in there! I'm high dead."

"Run to my saddlebags, Lee; fetch that flask, quick; then call in the men and send one back to hurry up the rest. Where have they gone? What have they done with their captives?"

"God knows! I could hear their screaming and praying—those poor girls!—and the pay clerk picked up Feeny after he was stunned, and they rushed him back through here where the paymaster had dragged himself, to where you found him. That—that's the paymaster you've got there. Then they tried to save the drunken soldier while all the gang seemed crowding after the safe and the girls, but they were shot down inside and must have burned to death if they wasn't killed. Oh, God, what a night!"

And weak, unstrung, unmannable, the poor fellow sobbed aloud.

At this instant there rode into the corral a couple of troopers.

"Lieutenant Drummond here?" cried one of them. "We've found a man on the plain to the southeast, gagged and bound. Shall we fetch him in?"

"You got him, but get some one else to help you. Patterson, your horse is full, gallop back on the trail. Tell Sergeant Meinecke to come ahead for all he's worth. Let the packs take care of themselves. Send Sergeant Lee here to me again." Then with trembling hands the young officer turned his attention to his other patients. Sovering the cords with his hunting knife, he freed them from their bonds, then dashed water over their scorched and blackened faces, meantime keeping up a running fire of questions. Between his sobs, the young civilian told him that the outlaws had hitched in both teams and taken also the spare mules and the buckboard. They had lifted the Harvey girls into the Concord, the safe and Pasqual Morales into the paymaster's ambulance, while the wounded men and Moreno's people probably were out on the open prairie. Then they had driven furiously away to the south, leaving only two or three men to complete the work at the ranch.

Finding the paymaster and sergeant well nigh dead, they had contented themselves with binding and leaving them to their fate, to be cremated when the roof of the shed came down. Then one of the gang whom he had once befriended in Tucson pleaded with his fellows to spare the life of the only one of the party left to tell the tale. Pasqual and the Mexicans were gone. Those who remained were Americans, judging by their speech, though two of them were still masked. "My name is Woods," said the poor fellow. "But that bandit had to beg hard. They were ready to murder anybody connected with the defense, for Ramon was killed and Pasqual shot through the leg. I did that, though they didn't know it. They bound and left me here, but made me swear I would tell Harvey and his friends when they got back that it was no use following; they had 30 armed men and three hours' start. They never thought of any one else getting here first. Oh, my God! who can break it to Mr. Harvey when he does come?"

And then Sergeant Lee came hurrying back, one or two men with him, and together they labored to restore to consciousness the paymaster, breathing feebly, and old Feeny, bleeding from a gash in the back of the skull and a bullet hole through the body. For nearly

a quarter of an hour their efforts were vain. Meantime Drummond, well nigh mad over the delay, was pacing about like a caged tiger. He set two of the men to work to hitch the bewildered little burros to the well wheel and get up several huge bucketsful of water against the coming of the troop. He ordered others to rub down his hands—some, Chester, and the mounts of two of the advanced party. At last after what must have seemed an age, yet could not have been over 30 minutes from the time of their arrival, a soldier running in said he could hear boots out on the plain, and at the same instant two men appeared lunging between them, bleeding and senseless, the ragged form of Edward Harvey.

Scratched, torn, covered with blood and bruises and still unconscious though he was, Drummond knew him at a glance. They had met the previous year, and though only once it was enough. Men with young and lovely sisters are not soon forgotten. Kneeling

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